

A  
 REVIEW  
 OF THE  
 STATE  
 OF THE  
 BRITISH NATION.

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Saturday, August 27. 1709.

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**I**N Viewing the Fury and Madneſs of ungovern'd Great Men in the World, and particularly their Ufurping and Encroaching upon their own kind, I could not but make a brief Excurſion upon the Nature, Original, and Progreſs of Ambition, in the Nature of Man, as it leads them to Rebellion againſt God, Nature, and Reaſon; for ev'ry Tyrannical Excurſion of Men,

whether of Governors or Governed, is an actual Rebellion againſt them all — And tho' ſome few in the World, have ſeen theſe Lines before, yet, I hope, they may not be unwellcome to be thus made more Publick—And point them where you will, be it at the King of France, King of S—n, or who elſe you pleaſe, 'tis the ſame thing to the Author.

On

## ON REBELLION.

**H**AIL Sin of Witchcraft, First Born Child of Crime,  
*Produc'd before the Bloom of Time:*  
 Ambition's Maiden Sin, in Heaven conceiv'd,  
*And who could ha' believ'd,*  
 Defilement could in Purity begin,  
 And bright Eternal Day be soil'd with Sin!

*Tell us, thy penetrating Crime,*  
*How cam'st thou there? thou Fault sublime,*  
*How didst thou pass the Adamantine-Gate?*  
*And into Spirit thy self insinuate?*  
*From what Dark State? From what Deep Place:*  
*From what strange uncreated Race?*  
*Where was thy Ancient Habitation found,*  
*Before void Chaos heard the forming Sound?*  
*Wast thou a Substance, or an airy Blast,*  
*A Vapour flying in the fluid Waste*  
*Of unconcocted Air*  
*And how at first didst thou come there?*  
*Sure there was once a Time when thou wert not;*  
*By whom wast thou created, and for what?*  
*Art thou a Steam from some contagious Damp exhal'd?*  
*How should Contagion be inhal'd,*  
*On Bright Seraphick Spirits, and in a Place,*  
*Where all's Supreme, and Glory fills the Space?*  
*No noxious Vapour there could rise,*  
*For there no noxious Matter lies:*  
*Nothing that's Evil can appear.*  
*Sin never cou'd Seraphick Glory bear;*  
*The Rightness of th' Eternal Face,*  
*Which fills as well as constitutes the Place,*  
*Would be a Fire too hot for Crime to bear.*  
*T'would calcine Sin, or melt it into Air.*

*How then did first Defilement enter in?*  
*Ambition, thou first vital Seed of Sin;*  
*Thou Life of Death, how cam'st thou there?*  
*In what bright Form didst thou appear?*



*In what Seraphick Orb didst thou arise !  
Surely that Place admits of no Disguise ;  
Eternal Sight must know thee there,  
And being known, thou soon must disappear.*

*Sure some of the Seraphick Race,  
Too curious to survey th' Expanse of Space,  
Unsent, some great successless Sally made,  
The Deeps and Darks of Chaos to invade ;  
And here as they the Liquid Regions past,  
Expanding brightest Wings, and make Celestial Haste !  
Ungenerated Matter at first prevails,  
And Vapour which their own Seraphick Fire exhales ;  
Their powerful Stagnant Fumes direct,  
With pointed Acids, Seraphs to infect.*

*For Chaos doubtless, in the First of Time,  
Had in the Seeds of Nature, Seeds of Crime ;  
At least, was subject to Contingencies,  
From whence Degenerate Principles might rise ;  
And the first Warmth they felt must needs create,  
Some Fermentation in their watery Seat.*

*Was it from hence, or some more secret Cause,  
Heaven first receiv'd a Traytor to the Heavenly Laws ?  
Did what they saw in Chaos darker Wombs  
Swell their Angelick Breasts, when they came Home ?  
Say, ye Immortal Instruments of Death,  
What secret Fumes, what strange infecting Breath,  
Debauch'd your Glorious Principles at first,  
How came you to be curst ?*

*Heaven's a bright Orb, with Glory circl'd in,  
Where there's no Entrance, nor no Room for Sin :  
You must some fatal strange Excursion make,  
Before your Nature could of Crime partake,  
Because your High Immortal Stations there,  
Were fixt, where no Corruption could appear.*

*But since the Fatal Truth we know,  
Without the Matter whence, or Manner how :  
Thou High Superlative of Sin,  
Tell us thy Nature, and from what thou didst begin :*

*The*

*The first Degree of thy Increase,  
 Debauch'd the Regions of Eternal Peace.  
 And fill'd the Breasts of Loyal Angels there,  
 With the first Treason, and infernal War :  
 Thou art the High Extreme of Pride,  
 And dost o'er lesser Crimes preside :  
 Not for the mean Attempt of Vice design'd,  
 But to imbroil the World, and damn Mankind :  
 Transforming Mischief, how hast thou procur'd,  
 That Loss that's ne'er to be restor'd,  
 And made the Bright Seraphick Morning-Star,  
 In horrid monstrous Shapes appear?*

*Satan, that while he dwelt in Glorious Light,  
 Was always then as Pure as he was Bright;  
 That in Effulgent Rays of Glory shone,  
 Excell'd by the Eternal Light, by him alone:  
 Distorted now, and steep of Innocence,  
 And banish'd with thee from the High Preeminence :  
 How has the splendid Seraph chang'd his Face!  
 Transform'd by thee, and like thy monstrous Race;  
 Ugly, as is the Crime for which he's felt,  
 Fitted by thee to make a local Hell,  
 For such must be the Place where either of you dwell.*

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